

now as that the *petite* and pret-
 Lotta, whose winning manners on
 stage have set so many young men
 crazy, under the supposition that she
 is a maiden, fancy free, has a husband
 in the person of one Erhard
 Lott, of San Francisco, who has put
 his claim against her for \$4,000 to
 support their three little chil-
 dren. It is no wonder Lotta did not
 change her name; Crabtree is bad
 enough, but Zapf—well, we'll let that
 go.

WASHINGTON NEWS.—W. L. LARUE
 commands, of the *Advocate*, will com-
 mence the publication of a *Masonic*
 paper at Danville on New Year's day
 next. M. T. Carpenter, State
 Editor, and Hon. John C. Cooper,
 Mayor of Stanford, will take charge
 of the *Shelby Sentinel* office on the
 1st of January.

Andrich is said in own \$16,000, four per cent. Government bonds, but he draws an interest of \$400,000.

He also owns \$35,000,000 in stock N. Y. Central R. R.

His Shillito property on Fourth St., Nashville, has been sold for \$75,000 and a rent of \$4,000 per year. The sale is to the lease of McElpin, Polk & Co. for \$15,500 for the entire property.

The Governor has issued a proclamation, directing the Legislature of Tennessee to enact an act to enable Memphis to itself in a Sanitary condition so as to avert a recurrence of the Yellow Fever epidemic.

It has been the largest ever known three months of the crop year, the crop to Friday night amounting to 3,760,000, against 1,730,234 hies to the last year.

[illegible]

rollers started 90 head of calves in
 few days since. They have about
 the number that they will ship later
 in the season. John C. Gault
 will start South with a drove of
 about the 25th. Mr. C. G. Car-
 dinal has a handsome pair of C.
 and has advanced in price. He had bought
 about \$1 per cent.

On the 17th of June, Mrs. Sackeblom, a
 resident of St. James, Scotland, a
 30 to 35 years of age, a few days
 in Paisley, Scotland. He made the
 ship alone, and within twelve days
 the time of leaving home. Miss
 and her husband, John, of Glasgow,
 Columbia, he visiting friends in this
 country. Miss Anna O'Brien, one of Lin-
 coln, is selling her sister, Mrs.
 Miss O'Brien, a young lady, who
 is conducting a class in Instru-
 ment, in connection with Prof.
 and Mrs. O'Brien, of Haverhill,
 of Travellers' Home, is here visit-
 ing another. Mr. J. T. Bokos was in
 a few days ago. He reported that his
 wife had been in the city of Wash-
 ington the 1st of January. Dr. Walter
 had gone to Louisville, where he de-

—OF—
WED, STOCK, CROP, &c.
(It sells the highest) and best bidder,
Thursday, December 18th,
Farm on which I now reside, lying in the
county of Huerfano and containing
200 ACRES OF VERY RICH LAND!
(which are now in wheat, 10 to 15 and
under well set in blue-grass. The farm is
watered by a fine spring, is now growing
corn and a fine stock of cattle, and
has a fine stock of cattle, and is well
fenced, and is a fine place for a
home. This tract includes the
same time,
about 1000 cattle, weighing about
100 lbs. 3 Good Yearling Cattle
about 200 lbs. 2 Steers about 200 lbs.
1 Extra Small Mare 1
1 Yearling Wagon and Harness; Farm
implements about 150 bbls. of Corn,
and, about 500 Bushels of
Wheat.
It will be made known on day of sale.

been equalled in this city. Don't believe a word they say today in it is no trouble to show goods.

J. R. WARREN & SON,
(405-41)

JOS. H. PERMUE, SENIOR,
73 West Third Street,
Fifth & Second Building.

IMPORTANT - Beware of all imitations and cheap imitations. We are on all tell.

about 150 bbls. of Corn, 100 bbls. of Hops, and about 500 Bushels of Clover.

J. R. WARREN & SON,

IMPORTANT - Beware of all bull-dozers and other heavy machinery. We are on old telephone lines, and you are not to be disturbed.

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AWFUL RAILROAD RACE.

Passed Down Tracks by Hurrying On Cars—Narrow Margin in Race.

By a locomotive explosion on a Western railroad a few days ago the engineer, John Davison, was killed. Davison was one of the oldest engineers in the country, and was for several years on the Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh Railroad, where he had one of the most terrible experiences that has ever been recorded in the history of railroading. His death recalls that night of peril to every one in this part of the country, when flames issued from one of the oil cars. He whistled down brakes, and the coaches were cut loose from the oil cars, which were quickly uncoupled from the box car. The engineer then pulled on down the hill to get out of the reach of the burning cars, in order to save the locomotive and the other car, in which were two valuable traveling horses and their keepers on their way to Cleveland. He supposed the brakemen would put the brakes on the oil cars, but in the excitement this was not done, and they followed the locomotive, gaining headway every moment. Before the engineer had taken in the situation, the oil cars, every one of them now ablaze, came dashing upon him around a curve. They crashed into the box car, knocking in one end of it, but, singularly enough, neither that nor any of the moving cars were thrown from the track by the collision. The engineer and fireman could have escaped all danger by abandoning the locomotive, but, as Davison said, when asked afterward why he did not pursue that course, they had of the State, although it has never ceased to be related in minutest details at all gatherings of railroad men where the dangers of the footboard are being the topic.

Living with a Bullet in his Head.

In July, 1878, Amos June was shot at Greenwich, by Eli Carpenter, a colored boy. The ball entered his left breast and remained in his body. On the last day of August, 1878, while working in the field, June instantaneously died. A post-mortem examination was held, when it was ascertained that the ball had passed through the left lung, ruptured the pericardium, and into the heart, where it was found. The bullet was not found, and on account of the peculiarity of the case, Dr. Holley took the heart for further examination. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered charging Eli Carpenter with criminal negligence. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but he was not to be found. In March of this year, a report of the case above mentioned appeared in the London Lancet. From this it was learned that the missing bullet was found imbedded in the heart of the deceased. The fact that the boy had lived fifty days in this condition introduced the case as an exceptional one to the medical fraternity. Upon further inquiry it was ascertained that Dr. Holley had taken the heart to Dr. Gibb, of Stamford, who subsequently took it to the Pathological Society in New York, by whom the ball was found. On Wednesday, 29th, ex-deputy sheriff Newman discovered the boy Carpenter passing through the town, and immediately took him into custody. He was committed to Bridgeport jail to await the action of the Supreme Court. [Hartford (Conn.) Courant.]

Byron's Opinion of the Beauty of Women.

"I do not talk of mere beauty," continued Byron, "of feature or complexion, but expression—that looking out of the soul through the eyes which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful who never could have interested my feelings from their want of countenance; and others who were little remarked have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety; sunshine should gleam over it to replace the clouds and showers that may obscure its lustre, which, poetical description apart, in sober prose means that good humored smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of pensiveness or care that sentiment or earthly ill calls forth. Women were meant to be the exponents of all that is finest in our nature, and the softness of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use then can a handsome automaton be after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of looks, I could not bear the sight of for a week, and yet such are the looks that pass in society for pretty, handsome, and beautiful."

A Milwaukee Editor writes in this unlaughably arid:

"We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep her at home; having occasion to go out one hour afterward, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there—neither was our wife. It isn't any use."

A girl that can cook a good square meal is better than two that can personate Josephine in 'Pinafore.'—[Dr. J. G. Holland.]

To What Lengths an Inquiring To- day may Go.

To-day I sat in a car seat on the Lake Shore road, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was taking a little boy from Cleveland to Ashtabula. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and as every thing seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, Auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a heap of yellow corn.

"O, that's corn, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is corn, Auntie?"

"Why, corn is corn, dear."

"But what is corn made of?"

"Why, corn is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the daytime or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make corn on Sunday, Auntie?"

"O, I don't know. Da keep still, Freddy—that's a dear! Auntie is tired."

And, after remaining quiet a moment, little Freddy broke out:

"Where do stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; no body knows."

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

A short silence, when Freddy broke out again:

"Fanny Mason says oxins is a nwl, Auntie; is they?"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, Auntie?"

"O yes—I guess so!" said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"O, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"O, I don't know! Da keep still, Freddy!" And the lady gave a sigh and looked out of the window.

A moment afterward Freddy looked out of the window and saw a man milking a cow.

"What is he doing to the cow, Auntie?"

"Milking her, dear."

"Where do they put the milk in, Auntie?"

"Oh! in her mouth!"

"Did you ever see them put the milk in?"

"O, yes!"

"Where?"

"I mean no, Freddy, you must be quiet—I'm getting crazy!"

"What makes you crazy, Auntie?"

"O, dear! you ask so many questions."

The little boy seemed to be puzzled and thoughtful a moment; but soon his curiosity got the better of him, and, as the cars passed a pasture in which were a sheep and a lamb, he asked:

"Where do lambs come from, Auntie?"

"Oh! from the old sheep. The old sheep has them."

"Can little boys have lambs?"

"Certainly. I'll let you have a lamb, Freddy, when you get home."

"Will it hurt me, Auntie?"

"What hurt you—the lamb?"

"No; will it hurt me to have it?"

"O, Freddy, do stop! You ask such foolish questions. I'm all worn out."

"Did you ever have a lamb, Auntie?"

"Freddy, stop! Don't you speak again for half an hour!"

Then the poor, worn-out woman sighed, and leaned her head on the back of the forward seat, while Freddy busied himself placing his mouth against the window, and soliloquized in a sing-song tone:

"Mary had a little lamb!

"Sheep had a little lamb!

"Auntie had a little lamb!

"O, Auntie! Auntie!"

"What is it, Freddy?" asked the poor woman, waking up.

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Freddy! sit down on that seat and be still, or I'll shake you. I won't be tormented to death. Now, not another word!" And the lady pointed her finger sharply to the little boy, as if she was going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked man she would have sworn; and still, notwithstanding we have eight million little boys like Freddy in the United States, each one causing more or less profanity, the Y. M. C. A. throughout the country denounce Herod as a biased man, when he ordered all the children killed—except his own.—[Ell Perkins in Chicago Tribune.]

Some folks seem to enjoy cutting the acquaintance of old friends and refusing to recognize them upon every all occasions, indulging in the thought which is no doubt very satisfactory to them, that they are spitting somebody and making their own importance, and sensible people are glad to be rid of them. Consider yourself very fortunate if you find them out before they are trusted too far.

List's Courtship.

The following story of the narrative of List, the pianist, is, if true, certainly very remarkable and romantic. It is as follows:—

List was at Prague in the Autumn of 1846. The day after his arrival a stranger called upon him, and represented himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccessful law-suit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremberg, his place of residence. List gave him a hearty reception, and opened his desk to get some money, but found that he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am as poor as yourself. However, I have credit, and I can money with my piano. I have here a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds, and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but List compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweler, who, suspecting from his miserable appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor, who immediately called upon the jeweler, and told him that the man was innocent—that he had given him the diamonds.

"But who are you?" asked the jeweler.

"My name is List," he replied.

"I know of no fiancer of that name," said the jeweler.

"Very possible," said List.

"But do you know that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?"

"So much the better for him to whom I gave them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents!"

"My sole fortune consists of three ducats," said List.

"Then you are a fool," said the jeweler.

"No," said List; "I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."

"Then you are a sorcerer," said the jeweler.

"I will show you the kind of sorcery that I employ," said List.

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweler's shop, the eccentric artist sat down to it, and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady made her appearance, and at the close of the performance exclaimed:—

"Bravo, List!"

"You know him, then," said the jeweler to his daughter.

"I have never seen him before," she answered, "but there is no one in the world but List who can produce such sounds from the piano."

The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved, the report of List being in the city, and he was waited upon and fêted by the nobles, who besought him to give a Concert in their city. The jeweler, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and to him said:—

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable!" was the reply.

"What do you think of marriage?" continued the jeweler.

"Well, enough to try it," said List.

"What do you say to a dowry of three million francs?" he was next asked.

"I will accept of it," List replied, "and thank you, too."

"Well, my daughter likes you and you like her," said the jeweler, "the dowry is ready. Will you be my son-in-law?"

"Gladly," replied List; and the marriage was celebrated the week following.

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—in such a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the "katydid." Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other and produce the sound of "katy-did-did-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates, or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.

When we were a little shaver they used to ask us Bible questions, and make us tell who was the wisest, the oldest, the meekest, and the strongest man. They didn't ask us who was the meanest man, but we have found him out nevertheless. He is the individual who takes a paper and won't pay for it.

"Oh, these shame-faced females on the streets with their masculine hats on!" exclaimed an old lady from the country as she came around a prominent corner, "it just looks as though they all wanted to be kissed by the boys, for that was the sign when I was a girl!"

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

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